The Evening Star

With Sunday Morning Edition.

THEODORE W. NOYES, Editor.

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Is Failure a Habit?

The failure this year to reach the goal in the Community War Fund campaign has a depressing effect not altogether offset by the splendid showing made by some 380,000 contributors. The failure becomes more serious because it seems to be habitual. In the sixteen-year history of the Washington Community Chest, the announced goal has been reached only three times.

Is it a wise thing, year after year, to announce a goal that is not reached? Would it be better, from the standpoint of public psychology, to shave the budgeted needs of the constituent agencies to a total that is certain to be met? If we never reach a goal, is there any sense in announcing one?

The difficulty of arriving at a decision on this point can be judged by weighing some of the considerations involved. In the first place, the goals announced each year are "honest goals," in contrast to what are known as "accommodated goals." The goals here are fixed after a careful appraisal of budgets and their reduction to essential needs—reductions, incidentally, made by businessmen not connected with the appealing agencies. The needs then are weighed against the potential contribution of the community, based on past experience.

Failure to reach the goal is attributed to the fact, supported by the statistics, that there are certain large groups within the Government and the community which do not do their part, as measured by what other groups do year in and year out. Should the goal be reduced to the level set by the groups which do not do their share? Or is it not more honest to set a goal that can be reached by approximately uniform response from all groups and continue to make the effort involved in persuading all groups to reach it?

The goal, in other words, is not too high. The weakness lies elsewhere, and until it is remedied by assumption of leadership in the groups which notoriously lag behind we shall continue to fail. It will be an honest failure, but one that is most unfair to the thousands of contributors and willing workers who have made genuine sacrifices to achieve the success the campaign deserves.

Last year's campaign reached about 97 per cent of the goal, including contributions made after the final report in December. This year's 94 per cent of quota will be increased by several points when all post-campaign contributions are received. The substantial increase over last year's contributors and contributions is encouraging. But it could easily have been better if every one had carried his share of the load.

Magnificent Job

America can take proper pride in itself as an arsenal. Its overall output of weapons, including ships and planes, continues to be one of the most impressive achievements of the age. Last month it was 5 per cent more than the month before—a new record representing the biggest gain since last April.

Here are some of the October figures, as reported by Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board: Ammunition, up 11 per cent; electronic and communications equipment, up 9 per cent; cargo and supply ships, up 6 per cent for a total so far this year of more than fifteen million deadweight tons, and aircraft, up 9 per cent in weight and 10 per cent in value and numbers for a new high of 8,342 planes.

According to Mr. Nelson, there were no declines during the month other than those deliberately effected because of the changing requirements of the war. Thus the output of tanks fell off as planned, but apart from such exceptions the general index for October was one of marked advances—so much so in the field of ammunition, for example, that while Mr. Nelson was disclosing his report, the Army announced that one of its ordnance plants, which has been producing fifty-caliber shells at Lowell, Mass., would be closed in the next few weeks because its output is no longer needed "for any crisis, however unexpected."

In Mr. Nelson's opinion this encouraging picture indicates that manpower difficulties, shortages of materials and design changes are causing less trouble than they once did, and this in turn reflects "better management, better effort by labor, better trained workers—in a word, 'know-how.'" And although his report suggests that the production program may be tending to level off at its present high peak, he points out that this "know-how" will continue to exercise an important influence from now on.

All things considered, the figures for October are highly gratifying. They mean that despite the bungling that goes on here and there and despite the occasional strikes, the Nation is doing a superb arms-making job—the biggest and most magnificent job of its kind, indeed, in the history of the world. And when they read about it, when they read, for instance, that we have turned out over 8,000 planes in a single month, our enemies must feel more than a little distressed. How poorly they sized us up! How wrong they were when they ridiculed the "bragging," "bluffing," "fantastic" and "impossible" goals we set for ourselves in January, 1942!

The Uprooted Millions

The heartaches experienced by any family forcibly removed from its home have been multiplied millions of times over in Europe. Hitler and his henchmen since 1939 have made themselves the cruelest and most drastic evicters in modern history and have thus created a problem whose solution will probably require months and even years of wise and patient work in the after-war period.

According to an official tabulation made in London, the problem involves perhaps as many as 30,000,000 human beings—Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Poles, Czechs, Frenchmen, Belgians, and virtually every other people on the continent. All these millions have been dragged away from the homes of their own choice, the homes they built themselves or had handed down to them by their fathers, and they have been scattered throughout Europe as if they were cattle to be driven whichever way their self-appointed masters have willed.

No fewer than 3,441,500 Frenchmen, for example, do not live now where they lived before Hitler struck at France. More than a million of them still are prisoners in German camps, several hundred thousand of them have been drafted into the Nazi labor corps, and 1,350,000 have been shifted from their regular dwelling places to other parts of their own country. Poland has been the greatest sufferer of all. Out of a total population of not quite 35,000,000, over 8,600,000 have been uprooted, with almost 2,500,000 of these shipped westward to the Reich, and some 600,000 eastward to Russia.

The mental and physical torment involved in these forced migrations, the individual personal effect on the millions of men, women and children driven against their will to far-off alien places, can only be imagined. There is no way an American can measure it except by trying to picture to himself how he would feel if he and his family were subjected to the same treatment, made all the worse because in countless numbers of cases it has meant the separation of wives from their husbands and children from their parents. There is a distinctly devilish implication in it, for among other things, wholly apart from the vast and incalculable human suffering it has caused, it has meant a marked reduction in national birth rates and has thus helped greatly in promoting the deliberate Nazi policy to leave Germany's neighbors relatively much weaker than Germany, no matter who wins the war.

And over and above all this, this scrambling-up of Europe's peoples has enormously complicated the problem of restoring order when the shooting stops. For no true stability can be achieved on the continent until substantial numbers of these uprooted millions are repatriated, and the processes of repatriation—if we are to judge from past experience—are painful and slow. Fortunately, the situation is already receiving the careful attention of United Nations agencies, which is a hopeful sign, because by thinking about it now and by planning in advance to meet it, we may be able to alleviate much of the evil it might otherwise inflict not only upon the unhappy individuals directly involved but upon the general structure of the next peace as well.

Points for Fat

In deciding to reward housewives with two meat-ration points for every pound of waste fat they hand over to their butchers or grocers, the Office of Price Administration is setting up an incentive that should do much to bolster one of the weakest and most disappointing phases of the War Production Board's salvage program.

Waste fat, important in the manufacture of gunpowder and other essentials of war, is one of the items most critically needed by the Nation. Yet housewives have not been turning it in at anything near the rate originally hoped for by WPB. At least 200,000,000 pounds a year are required, but current receipts are averaging under 7,500,000 pounds a month, which means that we are salvaging considerably less than half the necessary annual total.

With the decision to pay out points for fats, however, WPB officials have good reason to feel that collections will increase spectacularly. The new incentive, to take effect on December 13, will be in addition to the regular four cents a pound. Heretofore, since the small cash payments have meant little to them, the housewives of America have carried out their salvaging work chiefly for patriotic reasons. Accordingly, now that they are to have the added inducement of precious meat stamps, they can be expected to salvage as never before, knowing that by so doing, they will not only be helping the war effort but will also be enabling themselves to put extra food on the table.

Unquestionably this incentive will appeal powerfully to the Nation's homemakers and housekeepers. In fact, the idea for it came originally from them, in the form of letters and other pressures upon officials to do something about it. It is a good idea, and in approving it at last, the OPA has made waste fat an item everybody will want to save. A sharp upward trend in this part of the salvage program should be the result.

The Tax Bill's Failure

The report of the full Ways and Means Committee, calling upon the administration to reduce spending if it wants to check inflation, is equivalent to a guarantee that the next tax bill will not produce more than the scheduled $2,140,000,000 of new revenue. And, in the face of a Treasury request for $10,500,000,000, it may be scaled down still more before it leaves Congress for the President's signature.

The decision of the Ways and Means Committee to reject most of the Treasury requests was made several weeks ago. Since then there has been some effort, though not a very determined one, to persuade the committee to report a stiffer bill. But the committee members, Democrats and Republicans alike, have turned a deaf ear to all these appeals, contending that the administration, influenced by political considerations, was unwilling to aim its revenue requests at the bulk of new war income, which is largely in the hands of persons in the lower income brackets. The next development was the announcement that the Army expected to turn back some $13,000,000,000 of its appropriation for the current year, and a suggestion that the Navy might also need less money than had been anticipated.

This knocked the props from under any claim that additional revenue was essential for war financing, the prospective savings being greater than the total sought in new taxes by the administration. Under these circumstances, with an election less than a year away, it is not to be expected that either Congress or the administration will make a fight for higher taxes simply to raise revenue.

The tax bill, however, was originally supposed to serve the additional purpose of stemming inflation. And in this respect the measure approved by the committee is clearly inadequate. In the long run, governmental economies will have some counter-inflationary effects, but these will not be felt for some time to come. There is immediate need for a tax bill designed to draw off the excess income of those whose earnings have been inflated by the war. A year or so from now reduced spending may taper off this surplus, but from the standpoint of combating inflation this excess of buying power should be curbed now. And to this end, the new tax bill contributes virtually nothing.

Pal and Argus

The whole American public has been interested in Pal. When Army discipline was relaxed to permit his owner, Special Technician Franklin E. Higgins, a week's furlough to visit him, the generality of readers approved. People like dogs; and the seventeen-year-old airedale-shepherd, dying of grief, has aroused the sympathies of multitudes.

But the story is not new. Many a reader must have remembered its prototype in Homer's "Odyssey." According to the translation of Alexander Pope, the incident begins with the arrival of the hero Ulysses at the gates of his home. He has been absent twenty years at the siege of Troy and wandering thereafter. Now, dressed as a beggar, he returns to Ithaca, attended only by the swineherd Eumaeus. Pope tells how the two men approach the palace unrecognized. Only

"Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head."

The poor animal, left "unhous'd, neglected in the public way," yet was faithful.

"He knew his lord; he knew and strove to meet;
In vain he strove to crawl and kiss his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys."

Eumaeus, still himself not aware of Ulysses' identity, recounts the legend of the leader's perishing "on a distant shore." Argus, however, is not deceived.

"The dog, whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies."

It is a long way from Frank Higgins and Pal in Albany in 1943 to the King of Ithaca and his "gen'rous creature" at Aeto in the Ionian Sea about 1169 B.C., but the journey can be managed in the imagination. Human instincts have not altered very much in thirty centuries.

Frau Reichsmarshal Goering is one of the many who have fled their homes because of United Nations bombing, and it is a safe bet that, unlike Lot's wife, she did not look back. Perhaps by now she is making a few pithy remarks to Hermann Wilhelm.

Greatly blessed is a blessed event these days, in that it automatically brings another ration book into the family and another exemption to the tax bill.

Criticism of Strategy Of Allies Deplored

By Maj. George Fielding Eliot.

It is somewhat alarming to note that Representative Maas, Republican, of Minnesota deplores what he calls the concealment from the public of the details of Japanese atrocities, for the reason that if these details were made public the result would be, in Mr. Maas' opinion, that an outraged public would compel the shifting to the Pacific theater of operations of a great part of the forces and war material now being sent to Europe.

This is surely not responsible thinking. As a member of the Military Affairs Committee of the House, Mr. Maas is certainly aware that the decisions to concentrate our major effort against Germany first has already been taken, and that the whole of the grand strategy of the United Nations has been planned and directed to that end.

It is too bad that a public servant with so excellent a record of accomplishment behind him as Representative Maas should act with so little evidence of responsible concern for his country's welfare and military success. It is not as though he were criticizing bad judgment which has already resulted in defeat. He is criticizing an adopted strategy, which is being pursued and implemented by all the forces which the United States can muster, and the results of which are yet to be achieved. He is criticizing a strategy which cannot now be altered as he desires without dislocating the whole fabric of our military effort and that of our Allies, and withdrawing our essential share from joint enterprises upon which our Allies depend, and to which they are contributing all their own efforts.

This strategy he dismisses as being "British grand strategy." It is time and high time that we all stopped talking in such terms. When, between the members of a great coalition strategic decisions are to be made, of course, each member of the coalition comes forward with certain plans drawn up by its military chiefs. These plans are examined: Some are adopted, others altered to fit the general pattern, yet others are rejected. A joint plan is finally adopted, and to that plan the members of the coalition agree. After that, there should be no talk of British strategy, or American strategy, or Russian strategy. There should be complete loyalty to the adopted plan, by all concerned, until it has been carried into effect, and until it has either been crowned with victory or has proven incapable of achieving victory.

It is hard enough for sovereign states to work together in complete harmony under the best of conditions. It is impossible for them to do so unless they can work with mutual confidence, unless they can generate and build up day by day that "spirit of coalition" which French Gen. Requin has called the difficult but essential price of victory in coalition warfare.

The plans for attacking Germany first and Japan afterward were based on the hard facts of war as they existed when the plan was made. It is not easy for the men who are working with what must seem to them wholly inadequate forces out in the Pacific to accept that decision and all that it implies. But they have carried on loyally and successfully. Their turn will come, when Germany has been beaten and the mighty mobilized power of the United Nations comes flowing in overwhelming force into the Pacific theater to crush Japan. The harder we hit Germany now, the quicker Japan's day of reckoning will come. For public men to seek to stir up public opinion against the fulfillment of these well-considered and well-advanced strategic decisions is a disservice to the Nation, and the measure of the success of such attempts is the measure of the postponement of that very day of reckoning which those who now complain appear so ardently to desire.

Popularity of Pie

From the New York Times.

Why is it that pie, the all-American dessert, has so wide a range of palatability? You will find it on every menu in the country. Go to any restaurant or lunch counter at any time of day or night and you are almost certain to hear a soldier or sailor ordering pie and coffee. It's a standard staple. But a lot of culinary crime is committed in its name.

At its best, of course, American pie is something to dream about and remember. Those two autumn pies, for instance, mince and pumpkin. A juicy mince pie with something more than raisins in it and with just the right degree of seasoning. A rich, brown pumpkin pie, with a proper tang and that palate-pleasing richness of egg and whole milk. Or raisin pie, with the raisins definitely not hidden away, one by one, in a mass of cornstarch paste. Or cherry pie, gently flowing with juice and not sweetened too much.

Things to Come

From the Topeka Capital.

How would you like to own a house constructed chiefly of porcelains and light metals both inside and out, so that instead of painting it every few years it would be necessary only to wash the walls occasionally? This is only one of many possibilities held out to the property owner of the postwar era.

All-the-year-around air conditioning for homes is another promise of the immediate future. Experiments are also being made with solar heating, capturing the rays of the sun and turning them into heat for home and office and factory.

As to gadgets inside the home, they will pour out in a great flood soon after the war is over. Some will be silly and impractical. Others will be inexpensive and highly useful, and folks will wonder why they didn't have them long ago.

Tomorrow's world is bound to be an interesting one.

Sorrowful Thought

From the Montreal Star.

Coventry observes the third anniversary of its bombing sadly. The British people have never taken much satisfaction out of knowing that some one else had been made to suffer, and if the people of Coventry think today of the German cities that have shared the fate of their home, they think more in sorrow than in anger—sorrow that man should have sunk so low as to have begun the course which can end only when the people of Germany, their homes destroyed, thousands killed, shall have surrendered to the forces of decency.

THIS AND THAT

By Charles E. Tracewell.

"BETHESDA, Md.

"Dear Sir:

"I note from your column that some correspondents advocate walking in the woods, and that others go in for sawing wood.

"I am so situated that I cannot go into the woods at a time when I would enjoy it, and as for sawing wood, I have none to saw, and would not do it if I could.

"I have always thought sawing wood a great bore and a nuisance, and have been willing to let better sawyers than I do the work. I guess there is no doubt about it being good exercise, but it is not the sort I hanker after.

"Still, I think I would do better for a bit of exercise, spot of exercise, as the English put it, sometimes. I know from your column that that fertile mind of yours is good at thinking up exercises for other people to do.

"Hence I am writing you to ask if there isn't some way to get in some good exercise to and from work. I do not want to run, or anything so strenuous, but think that something could be done for me. I will await your word with interest.

"Respectfully yours, J. A. O'D."

* * * *

Running down the road on the way to work is sport only for athletes.

We take it that our correspondent is not an athlete, and is something of a wag.

Just plain walking will do for him.

It will give him all the exercise he needs, and plenty of fresh air.

Doctors have been telling their patients to walk for years.

Nobody minds the doctors, however, except when there is a pain.

If the medical profession had some way of making people hurt, when they didn't or wouldn't walk for health's sake, no doubt the world would be much better off.

* * * *

Even confronted with increased traffic, the average human being can find a great deal of pleasure in walking in city and suburbs.

Most can walk a bit on the way to and from work. Occasionally there will be some one who, for some reason or other, cannot do even the shortest distance without sweating.

Such a person will do well to confine his walking to after-office hours. Then he will be ready, at the end, to take a bath and get into fresh clothing.

Nothing is worse than to get into a sweat on the way downtown.

Not only is there great danger of chill, in fall and winter, but also it is most unpleasant.

* * * *

It is remarkable how much more one sees, in a walk, than on wheels. On wheels you are either seeing the same old things every day, or talking so that you see nothing at all.

The investigative turn of mind—that is something, in a world full of wonders.

If our correspondent doesn't have this state of mind, he should work it up.

Every one, in fact, who sticks to the same old things all the time ought to work up a bit of the investigative turn of mind.

Do not be satisfied to see the same old things all the time.

Try to see something new.

It is said to be one of the best ways to keep from growing old. That, however, just between us and the famous gate post, is pure hokum.

One simply will grow old, despite the best one can do.

* * * *

Select a nice day for beginning the experiment of renewed walking.

Do not do as Templeton Jones did, many years ago.

Jones, every five years, decides that he should take up walking.

"Excellent exercise," he says. "Everybody should walk."

Then he usually makes a highly original statement.

"Why," he contines, "if we keep on this way, we will lose the use of our legs entirely."

* * * *

Such a fate, he believes, would be too much to bear.

So he decides to walk.

The last time he made this decision it was on a cold, snowy day, bitter and somewhat wet day.

There was enough snow on the ground to slow up an athlete.

Jones set out at a good pace.

By the time he got to Dupont Circle he was puffing.

"Great fun," he said to himself, grimly.

* * * *

At Wisconsin avenue he stopped in front of a bake shop window.

There were some old-fasioned cookies there, great big ones.

Round and mellow.

Jones opened the door and went in.

There was a nice-looking young woman behind the counter. She had honey-colored hair, and was very clean and neat.

"I want a dozen of those big round cookies," said Jones, slightly out of breath.

"Yes, sir," said the girl.

* * * *

Jones shut the door behind him, and plowed his way through drifts.

He ate six cookies before he got home, and was so full that he could only nibble at his dinner.

"Yes," he said, "walking is good for everybody."

His wife smiled.

This was the last, she knew, she would hear about walking being good for everybody for five years.

Letters to the Editor

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although the use of a pseudonym for publication is permissible. The Star reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to condensation.

Conditions in Amazonia Discussed by Former Resident.

To the Editor of The Star:

Apropos the article in The Sunday Star of November 14, headed "Costly Amazon Rubber Project Is Falling Far Short of Goal," we have here again an example of the complete lack of understanding of those "experts" who dream up such projects in the various Government bureaus. Perhaps it is not lack of understanding but rather a real understanding of how the public may be "sold" on anything which fits in with whatever currently is being publicized.

The writer long has been familiar with the rubber situation in the Amazon basin, which territory embraces an area of over 2,000,000 square miles, 1,500,000 of which are in Brazil proper. Over 7 years residence in that section with headquarters at Manaos for 5 years during the zenith of rubber, connection with the construction of the Port of Manaos, many thousands of miles of voyaging on the "rubber" rivers, and constant association with people engaged in extracting and shipping rubber taught him much about the Amazon situation.

After production fell, the writer moved to other parts of Brazil and lived there up to about 7 years ago. He never has lost touch with friends in Amazonia. Therefore he should know something about the matter.

The only commercial plantation is that of the Ford Co., situated near the mouth of the Tapajos River. It was started in 1926 and today, after an expenditure of some $8,000,000, is capable of producing perhaps 300 metric tons a month. The expectations are that, by 1950, it will produce 500 tons a month.

Outside of this, the Japanese had a plantation somewhere near Obidos or Monte Alegre, about 150 miles from the Ford plantation. The report is that they have destroyed this plantation.

All other rubber is obtained from wild trees, which do not grow in stands but are scattered over an immense area. These trees have to be found by prospecting, by means of cutting "picadas" or foot paths through the forests. The men who really tap and gather the latex and then spend half the night in coagulating it over a smoky fire of a special wood which grows in proximity to the rubber tree, have to live in camps to be within reasonable walking distance of their particular trees.

The daily output is in grams, per tree, and it requires about 100 mature trees to produce a ton of rubber annually under most favorable circumstances.

All this procedure has been carefully worked out by trial and error over a period of more than 40 years. It is done the way it is not because of ignorance but because the cost of the various factors that enter into the delivery of the rubber at Manaos and Belem has been kept track of for a good many years and the pros and cons of various ways of going at the business are well known to the "seringueiros" and the "commerciantes," who are just as intelligent and keen and energetic businessmen as are to be found anywhere in the world.

The fact is that, in Amazonia, rubber cannot be gotten out for 45 cents a pound; it is doubtful that it can be produced for 60 cents. At $1 a pound the "seringueiros" can make a small profit on it and will get out as much as they ever did, which never exceeded 40,000 tons a year, even when it brought $2 and more a pound at the docks in Manaos and Belem.

As far as "expert" assistance from us is concerned, they have no need of it. If we had merely subsidized the rubber producers by placing funds in the hands of the Rockefeller Foundation doctors, who have had many years' experience in co-operating with the Departamento Nacional de Saude Publico do Brasil, for keeping the "seringals" or rubber concessions supplied with medical supplies, supplemented with radio communication and planes to be used in urgent cases to transport doctors or patients, nothing else would have been necessary.

The "terrible" conditions pictured in Amazonia are largely a myth. In the 7 years the writer lived there, living always with Brazilians, he was confined to his bed, or rather hammock, only twice, and then only for a few hours. The cause was always the same: a fever caused by undigested food. The mortality among Europeans and North Americans was caused mainly by "disease" imported in bottles, in other words whisky and gin.

The tropical climate of the Amazon region is described by Dr. Salamao Serebrenick of the National Meteorological Service as having a constant humidity through the year and his conclusion is that: "Man has no reason to fear, as far as the climate of this country is concerned, that he will be uncomfortable or that his physical or mental energies will be weakened." He says further: "No case of illness should be laid to the climate for the country had, originally, no endemic disease. On the contrary, research shows that it was the Europeans that brought such things as smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, trachoma and like maladies and that the checking of these diseases was not at all difficult."

The writer for years has contended that, sooner or later, the time will come when millions of people will find comfortable homes in Amazonia, but they will not live by producing rubber. They will learn how to till the soil and live on what it and the rivers produce and will constitute a society much after the order of the "Cajans," who live along the bayous of the Gulf Coast, but their surroundings will be better.

The upshot of the present situation is that Dr. Camargo, quoted in the article in question, knows what he is talking about and the statement of some Brazilian official who has advised that we stop spending money in Amazonia, in a way for which we receive no return, is sound.

CHARLES JAY SEIBERT.

Government Land Holdings Defended by Single Tax Advocate.

To the Editor of The Star:

The joint congressional Committee on the Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, stating that the United States Government owns one-fifth of the land of the United States, advocates that the Government dispose of this land.

It may be that the Government could so handle the situation as to save expenses, and even make some profit, but to dispose of it to private investors would be to add to the privileges that the land owners already have. Clearly if these lands have any value now, or ever should have value, it is because of the activities of others and not of the land owners themselves. Therefore the Government should either retain these lands and lease them, thus obtaining needed revenue and relieving taxpayers, or dispose of them to the States with a proviso that such a method be used.

BERTHA SELLERS.

West Chester, Pa.

Haskin's Answers To Questions

By Frederic J. Haskin.

To get an authoritative answer to a question use this information bureau. This offer of service does not include a discussion of domestic problems. It is better to talk these matters over with relatives or close personal friends. In writing do not use post cards. Address your inquiry to The Evening Star Information Bureau, Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C., and inclose stamp for return postage.

Q. Are there any oil wells in Oklahoma City?—P. L. C.

A. In recent years the drilling of oil wells within the city limits has been permitted and some of them are within a few yards of the Capitol and Governor's mansion.

Q. What position does a paratrooper assume before jumping?—E. H.

A. He assumes no special position and authorities state that there is no conceivable position which has not been used by parachutists. Members of the parachute battalions of the Army simply walk out of the door of the plane. Jumpers from combat planes usually throw themselves out.

Q. Why is the Congressional Record printed twice?—S. D. E.

A. It comes out daily as a current record of congressional activity and at the close of the session is reprinted, with corrections authorized in the meantime.

Q. How are the new bridges in San Francisco getting along financially?—S. B. E.

A. The Oakland Bridge, having a larger population to draw from, has been able to reduce its tolls five times. This represents a reduction from 65 to 25 cents on the charges. The Golden Gate Bridge, which was financed by the city of San Francisco and five adjacent counties in what is known as the Redwood Empire, is doing well but has not reduced its tolls.

Q. What is the prayer written on the bomber known as Coughin's Coffin?—S. E. R.

A. "God bless the crew of this plane. I'll say a prayer for your safe return." It was written on the nose of the plane by one of the mechanics working on it.

Q. Is Princess Elizabeth of England the heir apparent or the heir presumptive to the throne?—E. L. H.

A. She is heiress presumptive. If a son should be born to the King and Queen he would be the heir apparent since, under the order of succession, a daughter succeeds only if there is no son.

Q. How many Japanese were taken prisoners in the Attu campaign?—S. T. W.

A. In "Bridge to Victory," Howard Handleman states that only 14 prisoners were taken alive. Many of the wounded had been killed by overdoses of morphine injected by their own doctors.

Q. What were the total expenses of the presidency last year?—F. W.

A. President Roosevelt's salary for the year ending June 30, 1943, was $75,000. The money appropriated for the White House offices was $309,910. For the Executive Mansion and grounds, $145,570 was appropriated.

Q. Who is author of the saying that nothing is so sublime as a fact?—T. H. S.

A. George Canning, British statesman and author, is credited with the statement, "There is nothing I know of so sublime as a fact."

Q. What do the terms D-day and H-hour mean?—T. T.

A. In invasion language D-day is the day one strikes a new country while H-hour is the time of hitting the beach.

Q. When did the movement to invent a universal language begin?—S. I. A.

A. As early as 1817 such a language was invented. It was based upon the notes of the musical scale and known as Sobresol. The idea is centuries old.

Q. How many film versions have been made of the "Constant Nymph," Margaret Kennedy's best seller?—S. S.

A. The first was made in England in 1929 with Ivor Novello and Mabel Poulton. In 1934 Brian Aherne and Victoria Hopper starred in a film based upon this story. The current film version is the third.

Q. What is the largest single iron casting?—D. K. M.

A. It is said to be the figure of a lion 20 feet high made nearly a thousand years ago in an old Chinese city.

Q. Where does Curacao, in the West Indies, get its oil?—R. P. E.

A. The crude petroleum is imported from the oil fields of the Lake Maracaibo Basin of Venezuela. Oil refining is the chief industry of this Dutch colony.

Q. What was the number of original Indian tribes and how many are left?—R. A. B.

A. There were originally more than 330 Indian tribes, but many fought each other out of existence and there were only approximately 180 organized tribes as of April, 1940.

Accept This Season

You who recall the voice, the curve of cheek,
Who yearn for the warm hand, the smiling lips,
Who listen for words he never again will speak;
You wait as the mariner waits, watching for ships
That have slowly sailed beyond the familiar shore.
Nothing is left but the fragile petal of white,
A mirage of the gentle sail he saw before,
A flower by day, a beckoning star by night.
You and the mariner both are sadly lost
Within the world shaped by the seeking eye.
Accept this season now, this certain frost
That waited hidden in your summer sky.
Lean to the sea, the pool of salten tears
That will outlast your grief a thousand years.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN.